

24. 8.
The foure Ages
OF
ENGLAND:
OR,
The Iron Age.

With other select POEMS.

Written by M^r. A. Cowley.

Cantabit vacuus; &c.

LECTORI.

*Qui legis ista, tuam reprehendo, si mea laudas
Omnia, stultitiam; si nihil, invidiam.*

Owen Ep. pag. 1.

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To the truly worthy, and VVor-
shipfull, Mr. *J. S.* of *P.*
Esquire.

Honoured Sir,

I*T is not the worthinesse of the Worke, nor Worke-*
man, can whisper any confidence of your acceptance
of this trifle ; but only the seasonablenesse and truth
of the subject (of which you are more then an eye-
witnesse) gives it boldnesse to kisse your hand. This
Poem was calculated only for the Meridian of some
private friends, not daring to gaze in the face of
the World, because it's neer kin to truth, and there-
fore to danger. Nor did the Author desire so
to strumpet his Muse, as to prostitute her to the im-
braces of every one, being not ambitious of the airy
title of a Poet. Neither let it present it selfe to your
eye the lesse worthy, because now martyr'd by the
Presse, though it be become now so adulterated with
false and scandalous Pamphlets, that it is a
dishonour for a legitimate phantasie to derive a
title from thence. My humble request to your
Worship is, that you will vouchsafe to enrich

these lines with your view, and pardon the forward ambition of him, whose glory is to be known of you, at the becoming distance of

Your Worships most humble

Honourer,

W. L. O. D. R.

T
tha



To the Reader.

Reader,

WHether courteous or not, 'tis all one to me ;
Thou hast here the moderate observations of
one, that neither is nor desires to be ingaged in either
party of these Warrs, till he sees both honest. Thou
hast here the verdict of a Spectator, who hath be-
held this Military Game, plaid by both Gamesters,
and hath scene pelting on both sides. - Thou hast
here Truth, painted in her own Colours, (that is,
in none) and juggling Vice, wherefoere, & in whomsoere
she meets it. Thou hast here the Causes, Effects, and con-
jecturall consequences of these unnaturall Divisions: the
times Looking-Glasse, wherein (be what thou wilt)
thou shalt see thy face, and find something that con-
cerns thee. And (if thou wilt lay aside thy φιλαυτία)
here thou shalt read thy own selfe a main cause of this
War. Thou hast here other things, which I will not,
Mountebank-like, set out beforehand ; because I would
have thee take some paines to read, what I have took
paines to write : perhaps some pleasure ; (*Olim hac
meminisse juvabit*) Only take this lesson in thy hand,
before thou read, thou must resolve to un-conceit
thy selfe, and to be moderate, and yeeld to truth : on
that condition I am

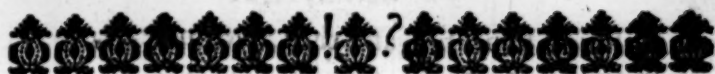
Thine: Farewell.

The Proem.

How idle is th' idolatry of those,
That on their fancy can no Theme impose,
Till they Apollo, and his Train invite,
To be propitious unto what they write!
'Tis but our folly (folly may b'in wit)
To make a god, and then to worship it.
I've often writ, and never yet found odds,
Whether I writ with, or without those gods.
I care not for the Poets Hill, nor Spring;
Losers may speake, and empty men may sing.
Sorrow's my Helicon, if povertie
Makes Poets, Tronpers Pegasus be.
Inspire me grieve! let Phœbus and the Nine
Help am'rous Verse; they are too soft for mine.
I meane to weep the murders, rapine, rage,
That are syn'cris'd in this Iron Age.
For who can sing? An airy mirth belongs
To mirthfull Theames, these dayes are not for songs.

Reader, prepare thy faith: for I shall tell
A story (that transcends a miracle)
Of vices, that so great, so many be,
That they're beyond the reach of Poetrie.

Behold a populous Nation, pow'rfull too;
And her own self does her own self undo:
The Phoenix of the world, which is become,
(Who was the pride) the scorn of Christendome.
That stood like Atlas while it stood together,
But now divided, 's wrested any whither.



The Golden Age.

CHAP. I.

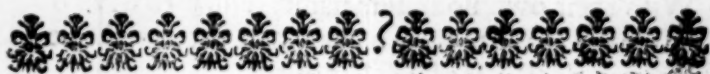
GOne are those golden Halcion daies, wherein
 Men uncompell'd, for love of good, fled sin:
 When men hug'd right & truth, whose souls being clear,
 Baffled the threats of punishment or fear.
 No Lawes, no penalties, but there did rest
 A Court of equity in each mans brest;
 No trembling pris'ner to the Bar did come,
 From his severer Judge t'expect his doome;
 No need of judge or Executioners,
 To keep by Law that which by right was theirs.
 The Pyne not then his mother-mountaines leaves,
 To dance Lavalto's on th'unconstant waves.
 Walls cloath'd not Towns, nor did mens safety stand
 In moving Forts by Sea, on fixt by Land.
 They understood not Guns, nor Speares, nor Swords,
 Nor Cause, nor Plunder, and such Martiall words;
 No armed Souldier stood for their defence,
 Their chieftest Armor was their innocence.
 Mans quiet nature did not feel that fire,
 Which since inflames the world, too great desire.
 Kings did not load their heads with Crowns, nor try
 By force or fraud, t'invade the liberty
 Of their obedient Subjects; nor did they
 Strive with Annoynted Sovereigns for sway;
 But Prince and people mutually agree
 In an indissoluble Sympathie.

Religion flourish'd, and the Lawes increase,
 Both twin'd in one, the *Gemini* of peace.
 An universall concord tuned then
 Th'unjarring thoughts of many-minded men
 In an unblemish'd harmony. Then right
 Spurn'd the proud thoughts of domineering might;
 And lawrell'd Equity in triumph sat,
 Upheld by vertue, which stood candidate,
 And curb'd the power and craft of vice, maintain'd
 By the instinct which in mens nature reign'd:
 Th'unspotted soul could not attained be
 With Treason 'gainst the highest Majestie;
 Vice was a stranger to't, nor could it 'bide
 To club with Av'rice, or converse with Pride.
 Nor was it plung'd i'th whirlpool of those crimes,
 That have intral'd now these degenerate times.
 Th'imprison'd will then durst not whisper Treason,
 But cring'd to th' Dictates of its Rectresse, Reason.
 Friend was the soul of friend, and ev'ry man
 Fed, like a stream, the whole, its Ocean.

CHAP. II.

THe pregnant Earth untill'd did yeeld increase,
 And men enjoy'd what they possess'd in peace.
 The Winter plunder'd not the leaves from trees,
 Nor skurf'd the ground with hoary Leprosies.
 No scorching Summer, with Canicular heat,
 Parboild their bodies in immoderate sweat.
 What ever Autumne pluck'd, the Spring did bring,
 An endlesse harvest wed an endlesse Spring.
 The quarter'd Year mixt in a bunch did come,
 And clung it self t'an *individuum*.

Then fouds of Milk, then fouds of *Nectar*, flow'd,
And on the fertile Earth all plenty grow'd.
Th' enamell'd fields with Tapestry were crown'd,
And floating Honey surfeited the ground :
Of purest blessings men enjoy'd their fill,
And had all good, 'cause they did nothing ill.



The Silver Age.

CHAP. I.

MAns nature not content with this, did range
To further things, fancy is prone to change.
Then domineering Will began to stir,
And scorn'd that Reason should rule over her.
Active ambition would not be content
To keep its selfe within its Continent;
But, being unsatiable, doth aspire,
Like oyl; injoyment makes the flame blaze higher :
And Appetite, the servant to each Sence,
Would not obey, but have preheminence.

CHAP. II.

ARts were invented, studi'd, men began
T' instruct the ground, to plough the Ocean.
The year's quadrangled, People did begin
T' erect them houses to inhabit in :

Coffin'd

Coffin'd their limbs in cloaths, (cloaths first were meant
 But for necessity, not ornament :
 But pride, the child of plenty, made them grow
 From warmth to comely, thence t'a gawdy shew :)
 Then such magnificence in them begun,
 That glittering vestures seem'd to stain the Sun ;
 Houses to Babels swell'd, and were baptiz'd
 With their own Founders names; and men devis'd
 All waies to write their names, that they might be
 Read in the Rolls of vast Eternitie.

Turrets on tiptoe stood, to kisse the Skies,
 And Marble Pillars to the Spheres did rise.
 Towers did periwig their heads in clouds,
 As if those were their bases, these their shrouds.
 Men deckt their walls, and drest their spacious rooms
 With costly excrements of Persian Looms;
 And guiltlesse Aras was condemn'd to be
 Hang'd, for no crime, but its imagerie.

CHAP. III.

SHips crost the angry Seas, with Billows hurl'd,
 And in their race begirt the spacious world,
 Risting it of its treasures, to delight,
 With rarities, the craving Appetite.
 The ransack'd Indies brought in weekly rates,
 To feast their curious tast with delicates ;
 The burden'd fields brought in centuple crops,
 Dischannelling themselves into their laps ;
 Yet having stript the earth of what she wore,
 They not content with this, dive still for more.
 And the imbowell'd earth is brought to bed
 Of treasures, which within her nature hid.

Musick, the soul of pleasure, still prepares,
To breath delicious Accents in their eares;
Arabia contributed her gums,
And wanton *Zephire* from all Gardens comes
With odorifrous smells, which did so vary,
The Phoenix soile did seem ubiquitary.
And in all these the touch and sight did meet,
For what was blisse to touch, 'twas blisse to see't.

CHAP. IV.

Then with what pomp they feasted, with what state
Each severall course wallowd in antique Plate;
Dish follow'd dish, and course succeeded course,
Still chimneyes took Tobacco by the force
Of a continu'd fire, which was heapt on
For a new meale, ere t'other scarce was done.
All outward blessings were in one conjoyn'd,
That might delight or satisfie the minds.
Each place was plenties Magazine, to fill
Their hearts, yet they had a *plus ultra* still.
Men bath'd in plenty, and in pleasure rowl'd,
Then they found out that strife-beggetting Gold.

Now men stretch their estates wide, that they might
Like their desires, be boundlesse, infinite,
Wide as the Horizon; the careering Sun
Scarce in a day their limits could out-run.
Big-bellid chests uncatechised lay,
Waiting a generall accounting day;
Un-Eunuch't purses precious stones did weare,
Nor did they then the gelding Troopers feare:
Yet having all these riches, they were poore,
'Cause, having much, they still desired more.

Dropfi'd

Dropst'd desire did teach men to be vile,
 From hence did flow the seven-headed Nile
 Of deadly sin. This gave sinister birth
 To injury; but Justice on the earth
 Had yet some being, Lawes enacted were,
 Men must do right, though not for love, for feare.
 Just equity fetter'd the hands of might,
 With both hands arm'd, and yet both hands were right.
 Then vicious minds were bridled by the Law,
 And judgments kept disorder'd men in awe.
 Times trod on th' heels of times, but as they grew,
 The old were still out-stript in vice by new.



The Brazen Age.

CHAP. I.

Then men so vile did grow, so prone to sin,
 The bonds of Law no more could keep them in;
 They striv'd t' imbarke themselves for hell; then shame
 And modesty were banish'd, and the name
 Of faith and truth grew odious, in whose roome
 Fraud, coz'nage, force and trechery did come,
 Boldly out-staring vertue; and that vice
 Of sword, plague, famine, spawning avarice,
 Teeming with Legions of sins; with these
 Men did commit Adultery, to increase
 Their Progeny, and thus at length did raise
 As many new-born sins i'th year, as daies.

So pride and avarice became the twins
Of generall mischiefs, Colonells of sins.
Ease taught men sloth, sloth usher'd in excessse,
Excesse nurs'd pride; pride, lust; lust, wantonnesse;
That rapes; rapes, incest; incest, Sodomy;
This brings unnat'rall bestiality.

And thus our sacred bodies, that should be
Gods holy temples, built of puritie,
Are now prophan'd by sacrilegious sin,
And become dens for theeves t'inhabit in.
Yea Garrisons of Rebels, and by these
Men so abus'd that crowne of blessings, peace;
That it was so corrupt, so full of sin,
It must be lanc'd; thus did our woe begin.

CHAP. II.

THe Angells of the Church did soare so high,
Like *Lucifer*, they lost their Hierarchy;
They first from grace, and then from glory fall;
Some turning Devills brought disgrace on all.
To all new fashions they their zeale translate,
And Disciplin'd the Church by rules of State.
Hetrodox Tenents did the Truth invade,
And mens inventions grounds of Faith were made.
One Ceremony did another send,
Nor did Will-worship know a bound or end.
Their Canons were as various as the winds,
Nay (which is more) unconstant as their minds.
Choak'd with their great Revenues, they become,
(Who, being empty, sounded well) quite dumb,
Nay they did hold it an extreme disgrace
To execute the office of their place.

Well

Well said a fool, who does a Bishop feare,
 May fly t'a Pulpit; for hee'l not come there.
 Like Weathercocks, on Churches tops, they stood;
 To over-see them, not to do them good:
 Yet being Lords, they fain would higher be,
 And guild their Lordships with a Deitie.

CHAP. III.

ANd the cram'd Clergie t'imitate their Masters,
 In pride and sloth, grew most Episcopasters.
 The Pulpit rusted, some had got a trick
 (As if their Sermons had been lunatick)
 To preach by th' Moon, some but at Quarter-day;
 And then their Texts were Summons to their pay.
 Some were so costive, they requir'd a yeare;
 Like Elephants, some ten; then one might heare
 (To the amazement oth' expecting house)
 The groaning hill deliver'd of a Mouse.
 Dumb Dogs, that wallow'd in excessive store;
 While those poor souls that all the burthen bore,
 Could hardly get by their continu'd pain,
 A stipend that might them and theirs maintain.
 And though one serve a cure, nay two, or three,
 He must a Scriv'ner and School-Master bee;
 Yet all these trades will scarce so much allow,
 As a good time may get, that goes to plough.
 Instead of this, they studi'd Law, and read,
 Not what God saies, but what the Judges said.
 Their care of bodies choak'd their care of souls;
 They more frequented *Westminster* then *Pauls*;
 They praid ith' Temple often, but it was,
 That their fee'd Lawyer would maintaine their cause

Other

Others, to pleasure, pride and ease inclin'd,
Studi'd to pamper their luxurious mind,
With wine and banquets; but in most of all,
The Golden Number was Dominicall;
So that it was become a common speech,
The way to spoil a Priest's to make him rich.
If one preacht well, he was in life so evill,
A Saint in Pulpit, out of it a Devill.
Their lives confute their Doctrines; for they strove,
Which most should act the sins they did reprove,
That one might think, that whatsoere they say,
Were to be done the clean contrary way.

CHAP. IV.

ANd the vain people, alwaies prone to ill,
Follow not precept, but example still:
For they disgrac'd themselves by what they do;
And taught the people to disgrace them too.
Thus that soul-saving Function 'gan to be
A publike scandall, and an obloquie,
By the base vulgar, who were glad, for this,
To blaze their spirituall Fathers nakednesse.
The Office so abus'd, men scorn'd to do it,
Unlesse bare need, or gain did force them to it:
And men unfit, unusefull for the State,
Yet were accounted good enough for that.
And why? the sordid Gentry, in whose hands
They'd got the Church-Revenues, and her Lands,
Turn'd Publicans, and stood at Churches doore;
None Must come in, but who paid well therefore.
These were Church-merchants, & by them did gaine,
As those by warrres, though they dealt not so plaine.

He

He that would buy a horse, or take to's Bride
 A daughter, got a Benefice beside.
 If Sacriledge to steale from Churches bee,
 What's he that steales a Church, nay two or three ?
 Well did a Herauld their base nature note,
 That gave a Wolves head to them for a coat,
 Swallowing a Church, the steeple stuck in's throat.

CHAP. V.

TY'd to the taile of *Levi*, was the Tribe
 Of Many-Asses: some that won't suscribe
 To God, nor King, nor State, nor Law; but still;
 Do vow Allegiance only to their will:
 That to be crosse to theirs, did bend their course
 Into a contrary extreme, far worse.
 Men of vertiginous braines, still running round,
 That, Cymball-like, from emptinesse do sound;
 That abhor Learning, and don't hold it fit
 For Christians to pollute their braines with it.
 They say 'tis vain for holy men to seek
 For language of the Beast, or Heathen Greek.
 Unbenefic'd and poore, that have no way
 To get a stipend, but to preach and pray
 'Gainst Church and State, and 'cause they cannot be
 Famous for Learning or Divinity;
 Yet they'll doe something to enrolle their name
 In the large Catalogue of blab-tongu'd Fame.
 And though their doctrine be nor sound, nor true,
 They'l have't approv'd, because 'tis strange and new.
 There were some upstart Levites, hot and young,
 Active and proud, whose interdicted tongue
 Imprison'd

Imprison'd in the Dungeon of his mouth,
 For Sacriledge, is now broke forth, and grow'th
 More violent; or such, whose eares of late
 Have both been circumcised by the State :
 Whose sufferings spread their fame from far and near ;
 The giddy people flock in shoales to hear
 These zealous Saints, those pious Martyrs prate,
 With their impoyson'd tongues 'gainst Church & State,
 Who in their preachments tell them, such as we
 (Belov'd) suffer for our puritie ;
 Because we will not follow Popish lies,
 We fall by th' eares with profane Pillories,
 Tis for our good; who ope our eares to take
 The pious whispers which the nayles do make,
 Peripatetick Teachers, Journy-men,
 That trot t' America, and back agen,
 To get a Profelite, these dare make Kings
 The Subjects of their talk, and handle things
 Direct 'gainst forme or order, as each lists:
 Their Texts and Doctrines, both like Sepratists,
 Run from each other; and their Uses loath
 Their company, 'cause holier then both :
 And having nam'd a text, like cowards, they
 Straight from the unarm'd words on't run away,
 And thus excuse it, that it is a breach
 Of Christian freedome, to be ty'd to preach
 Upon one place ; they make their Doctrines run
 from *Genesis* to th' *Revelation*,
 And handle all alike, a wild-goose chace;
 They run through Countries, a Curranto pace,
 They straight divide a Text in parts; but then
 they do not bring them to be friends agen,
 but fall to flat adultery with the sence,
 getting spurious broods of Uses thence ;

That such unnat'rall Children thence do spring,
 They dare make head against the Text, their King.
 These are State-Barrettors, and set by th' eares
 The Prince, and People, Commons, and the Peers:
 These kindle first; and still foment the rude
 Seditions of the cock-brain'd multitude;
 Who, like themselves, are Planet-struck, and vary,
 Prograde, and retrograde, ne're stationary.
 Their heads, like Bowls, run round, unsteer'd by Reason
 Their Bias Faction, and their Jack is Treason.
 These ever rail at, and are discontent
 At States and Churches present Government.
 And why? not for defects do they withstand it,
 Because 'tis bad, but 'cause the Lawes command it.
 Eve is their Mother; they think no fruits be
 So sweet, as those on the forbidden tree.
 Some do not hate it, nor find fault therein,
 But 'cause they've been neglected, and not bin
 Employ'd with Hierarchy, since they suppose
 Themselves more fit for Government, then those
 That are instal'd; which, 'cause they cannot reach,
 (Like Dogs at th' Moon-) they bark at, and still tead
 The peoples reeling fancie to despise
 Church-orders, and imbrace what they devise.
 Which alwaies various and changeable be,
 For nought more pleases, then variety.
 These men are nine daies old, and do begin
 To look abroad upon anothers sin.
 To other men they are as *Argos*-ey'd
 As Heav'n in spangled nights, when *Sol* does hide
 In the Antipodes, and Stars begin
 To execute his Office; to their sin
 They are as blind as *Moles*; which least they might
 Behold, they draw the curtain of their sight.

By the foule hands of these, dirt still is throwne
On others faces, yet ne're wash their own.
For he will soon't espie the Mote that's blowne
In's Brothers eye, who hath a Beam in's owne.
These and the Romulists, although they bend
Their heads contrary, meet at last, and tend
Both to burn down Religion; which doth stand,
Like Christ oth' Crosse, with Thieves on either hand.
Extremes, both in a Circle set their feet,
And, though contrary go, at last must meet.

CHAP. VI.

THe many-empty-headed multitude,
Once mov'd, like Hornets, eagerly intrude
On all employments, and run forward still
Like Swine, steer'd only by their headlong will.

The zealous Cobler pricks his leather-ears;
And in the Tubb (his Pulpit) he declares,
No Priest, no Doctrine can religious be,
That smells of either Universitie:
So Ignorance, the mother of each doubt,
Leads Faction in, and turnes obedience out.

While he translates, and edifies the soule,
The two-ear'd Hatter does the Crown controule;
He *Peter* scornes, himselfe will be a rock,
And sets mens heads upon a rounder Block.
He with inspired fury doth declare
There's no salvation unto those, whose haire
Transcend their teeth in longitude, his sheares
Have raz'd the locks that did besiege his eares;
And lets his rampant eares grow up alone,
The two supporters of his globous crown.

So each Profession, from head to heel,
 Sets forth lay-Levites; and the old ones feel
 Their just deservings, suffering their due;
 They displac'd old, and are displac'd by new:
 And all these simples make one Mithridate
 To be a poison both to Church and State.
 New Lords create new Lawes; one brings a branch
 From Amsterdam, some to new England lanch;
 To Scotland Rome, Judea, Turkey some;
 Some to Geneva: Back agen they come
 Fraught with Religions new, of each a feather,
 All in a Chaos bundled up together;
 Which makes our Church all particolour'd (show,
 Like *Josephs* coat, or *Aesops* theevish Crow,
 A Pantheon of Religions.

Mean time our guiltlesse prayers, which have stood
 Writ in the Characters of *Martyrs* blood,
 The grace of Christian Churches, the delight
 Of God and godly men, are conjur'd quite
 Out of the Church, b' extemporary stuffe;
 Which though three houres, yet are not long enoug
 To reach to heav'n; And though their non-sence d
 Gore at the Clouds, yet never shall come there.
 By these extremes Religion's from us flowne,
 And our one Church growes many; therefore none:

CHAP. VII.

BUt Church & State being Twins, and none can
 The one, but straight the other falls with it.
 The Court that should a Sanctuary be
 To vertue, and the Bourse of Pietie,

The throne of Justice, and excell in right,
As't did in state, in dignity and might,
Became th' *Asylum* of Ambition,
Envy and fraud, where vice doth tread upon
O'reswayed vertue, and doth seem to be
Vertue it selfe, vail'd o're by pollicie.
Injurious persons of all sorts resort,
As to the hornes o'th' Altar, to the Court.

CHAP. VIII.

THE Laws themselves grew Lawlesse, and the Tribes
O'th' Gown entayl'd their consciences for bribes,
Like cobwebs; Laws the lesser flies entrap,
But great ones might breake thorow, and escape :
They were no more defence, but grew to be
A legall violence, licenc'd injurie.
Courts were call'd Courts of Justice, but it is
Because there's none there by Antiphrasis.

The ambidextrous Judges brib'd, rebrib'd,
And lesser gifts to greater still subscrib'd:
Queen-money made and un-made all decrees,
And Justice grew adulterate for fees :
It had a balance, but so falsifi'd,
That it inclin'd still to the weightiest side.
If bribes did plead, they must needs grant the Sute,
For gifts have pow'r to move, although they're mute;
They had got pearles within their eyes, that so
They scarce the truth from injury did know.
Instead of Judges, Pride, Oppression, Fraud,
Injustice, violence, the Bench invade ;
Justice, the junior Judge, fate like a block,
Or puisne Baron, but to tell the clock.

What ere the cause be, whether bad or good,
It must be felt, ere heard or understood.

CHAP. IX.

THe under-Foggers, with their dagled gownes,
Like *Sampsons* foxes tails, inflame the Townes,
Make Suits, as Conjurers raise winds, and why?
That they might lay the same, and get thereby.
They did intaile their Clients, and their Suit,
From Terme to Terme, and every Term renew't;
Till the poore Client had no Suit but that,
And starv'd his purse, to make their pouches fat.
How slenderly a Cause is spun, when 'tis
Bandy'd between *Clotho* and *Lachesis*.
They must annoint their jawes with bribes, or els
Their venall tongue nor truth nor falshood tells.
Their tongues Angelicall, their consciences
Strung to their Clyents purse, where no pence is;
The Clyent is discharged of his pain,
Till to his cost, he do recruit again.
They hoise their Fees 'bove Statute, Law, or task,
As if 't were Law to pay what they did ask,
Whose cheverle-Consciencs, stretch'd far and wide
And they still wore them on the wrongest side.
Yet these dunce-Deskmen to such wealth did rise,
Their State nobilitates their families.
Who ere began a Suit, theyl'd draw them on
To the third and fourth Generation;
As if th' were tenants in Fee-simple to them,
And they had power, by degrees t' undo them.
They can't a Cause for one year calculate,
Like *Erra Pater* 'twas nere out of date.

So he that hath bin wrong'd, and comes to these
For help, 's like one that leaps into the Seas
To 'scape a storm : or like the sheep that goes
To a bush, for shelter from the cold, and lose
His wooll; and so by that is render'd more
Unable to indure it, then before:
For so much cost and trouble there is in it,
That the poor Clyent, when he did begin it,
(Though he should have the best on't) he were better
Be overthrown, and would be greater getter.
What an eternall Term on't will they hold,
When Causes come, wrapt in a showre of gold!
There's no Vacation then: Like mastiffs they
Destroy the Wolves, because they mean to slay
Or fleece the flocks themselves. The other twin
That did run round i'th Zodiack of sin,

CHAP. X.

(lim'd

Were spirituall Courtiers, these were more sub-
In their injurious cunning, and they climb'd
To a diviner stile : what ere they do,
Though ne're so wrong, was Law and Gospell too.
Each Proctor at his pleasure could derive
T' himselfe the Churches pow'r legislative.
Who not appeares, or is behind in Fees,
The Church must, whensoever the Sumners please,
Excommunicate, give up to Satan, till
God gives him grace to pay his Lawyers Bill.
Lawdry was bought, and sold, and for a Fee
Men might have licence for their lecherie:
If any had offended, th'only curse
Was the dear penance of an empty purse.

And for a yearly custome, an old Bawd
 Might have a Patent to set up the trade.
 Upon the Sabbath they allow'd to play;
 But if one wrought upon a Holy-day,
 Oh 'twas a crime that nought could expiate,
 But the large bribing of an Advocate!
 He's in a wretched case, each Christian knowes,
 That has no better Advocate, then those.

CHAP. XI.

THe Gallenists, those Factors for our health,
 Were so infected with this love of wealth,
 That generally our wounds and all diseases,
 Were slight or mortall, as the Doctor pleases:
 And all our maladies were ever dated
 By th' purses strength, as if th' were calculated
 For all nativities, what ere they be;
 The purse is still purg'd by Phlebotomie:
 The poor's incurable, the rich must have
 An endlesse gowt in's joynts, that wil not leave
 Till all the money from the purse be done;
 Then he that could not go before, can run.

Besides those Quacks, that strumpet to each slave,
 For a small price, that smaller art they have,
 Who, without Judge or Jury, basely kill
 More then they cure, to exercise their skill:
 Who need no plague but their own ignorance,
 Accompani'd with their Arts masters, wants.

The Sate-Physitians more perverse then these,
 Cur'd bad diseases with worse remedies.
 For sicknesses do usually fall
 On Bodies politicke, like naturall

These prov'd right Empricks, and without all doubt,
Wrought the States end, to bring their own about.
For most that seem'd to be the Kingdomes friends,
Tipt publique Justice still with privat ends.
These made the three Professions of the Gown,
(That were the grace) the *odium* of the Town.

CHAP. XII.

THE spring being thus corrupt, the streames can be
Nothing but currents of impuritie:
From this red Sea of sin a crew there came,
Differing in nought from Locusts, but in name;
Monopolists, that (Priest-like) had a share
In every trade, but more then Tythes they were.
These did so spawn, they got nine parts at least,
Th' right owner scarce was to his own a Priest.

Others were Rogues by Patent, and did draw
A power to pole the people from the Law,
Which they had made a stalking-horse to be,
A legall Warrant for their villanie.
Thus painfull men, by taxes were, and rates,
Unjustly cheated of their own estates:
And this did make the transitory streets
Eccho with poor mens cries, where Rapine meets
With rapine; guile with guile; and right became
An ayery title, and an empty name.
Cities compos'd of severall streams, that ran
From hills and valleyes, turn an Ocean;
Where sins meet sins, like Billowes; and do strive
(As they with th' Court) for the Prerogative.
Greedy desire is Mayor, and puff-past Pride
Aspires, as Mayorelle, to sit by's side.

Treason

Treason and cheating Sheriffs, and next such plenty
Of Capitall sins, they're more then foure and twenty.

CHAP. XIII.

AND the tame Country, in its severall Climes,
Practise to ape the Cities banefull Crimes:
Th' incestuous Us'rer with's own baggs doth lie,
Ingendring use by damn'd Adulteric,
Till every hundred doth survive to see
Himselfe centupled in his progenie ;
While that curst *Barathrum* still cries for more,
Beggars the rich, and does devoure the poore.
And though he learning hates, and every Art
That's liberall, yet he could find in's heart
To turn Logician, and doth understand
To do all things with a *Contracted hand*.
He (like an Asse laden with various meats)
Bites not at all, or else but Thistles eats.
He cheats his Back of needfull ornament,
And his poor Belly keeps perpetuall Lent:
And all to cram a Chest, having an itch,
But while he lives, to be accounted rich:
Or leave to's heires, when he to death inclines,
(Got lawfully by him or his assignes)
An ample patrimony, which the sot
Consumes as fast, as ere his father got.

The Tradesman too, whose weights & measures were
Lighter then's wife, and shorter then his haire,
With his oyl'd tongue, and dancing Complements,
The engines of his cheating eloquence,
Gull'd men by whole-sale, though his wife and he
Both drove a retail trade, and did agree

To ope their shops to all; whose gain did slide
Quick as 'twas got, by luxury and pride.

C H A P. XIII.

DULL gluttony did raigne, and striv'd to kille
His t'other sister, swinish drunkenness,
That nursery of sins; for there's no vice
So bad, but from this spring it takes its rise.
How many Swine does this make in a yeare,
If all were Sowes that wallow in the mire?
This Anti-god that uncreates a man,
Turnes him t' a beast, or to a lump again;
How does poor reason split it self, and sink,
When man lies floating in a sea of drink?
And yet they ran so violently to it,
As if they had been only born to do it:
'Twas manners, if a man his friend did meet,
With pinre and quart they must each other greet;
Or if to's neighbours house a friend did come,
'Twas welcome stil'd to send him drunken home:
Men thought no shame to glory in this sin,
Who could drink most, as if their mouths had been
Made not to speak, but drink, and bellies were
But barrell-like, the continents of Beere.
Yet that's small cause to boast; did we but see,
That a weak Hoghead can hold more then wee:
And yet we see how many a drunken Sor
Hath drown'd, and drunk all's fortunes in a pot,
Swilling his brutish soul in beer and wine,
While his poor family at home dorth pine;
And have no food to feed upon, but cares,
Nor any thing to drink (poor souls) but tears.

This

This is the Gulph that swalloweth a-whole
The wealth, the health of body and of soule.

CHAP. XV.

TH'effect of luxurie and ease is lust,
And this sets men on flame, so that it must
Be vented by base actions, men did do
'Gainst Gods, 'gainst Nations Laws, and Natures too;
Great persons rang'd like Goats, to flake their flame,
With all variety; yea they kept tame
Their Concubines, with costly motives fed;
Their handmaids serv'd them both for board and bed,
By whom they issue got, and so might be
Indeed the Fathers of their familie.

The Ladies kept preambles, men of might,
That stood them both for service and delight;
Men 'gainst the Grammar sin'd, and did contest
The Feminine Gender is the worthiest.
Young men had hoary haire, or else had none,
And when they had been satiate with one,
They'd ha' fire-new-ones. Nay the spirituall part
Of Brethren lov'd the flesh with all their heart.
But 'cause 'twas grown so common, they would be,
Entwin'd with Sisters, but *extempore*.

CHAP. XVI.

ENvy, that hideous monster, meagre, fell;
That skeleton, is belch't up too from Hell;
She roosts in peoples minds, and greatly breeds
The bane of vertuous doers, and their deeds:

Its own tormentresse ; both a plague and fin,
 Oh! how it gnawes the bones, where it gets in !
 And yet men were so chain'd to 't, that their eyes,
 Waxt sore at other mens prosperities ;
 Malicious men did their own bodies pine,
 To see their neighbours plentifully dine;
 And be content, with all their hearts, to lose
 An eye, to have another want a nose.

C H A P. XVII.

HONOUR became a Chattall to be sold
 (To those that ne're were kin to't) for their gold:
 Such whose unworthy soules did weare a stile
 But as a livery, and did exile
 All noble thoughts out of their breasts, who be,
 While they're alive, grav'd in obscurity.
 Men, like their Grandfires tombs, titled without,
 And full of rottennesse within, or nought:
 The Garbage of the world, compos'd of mire
 And slime, like frogs of Nile; if Gold inspire
 Their purse with life, it clarifies their fames;
Promethean fire was nothing to those flames :
 Fame was but wealth's *Elixir* ; every Clown
 That could get wealth, might quickly get renown,
 Though they'd intrencht their bodies with such crimes;
 That they might be the scandall of the times,
 And had a dearth of worth, or good; yet when
 They'd pay'd for't, they must needs be gentlemen.
 Nay this Almighty Gold such acts could do,
 That Lords, nay gods, were made by Angells too.

CHAP. XVIII.

BUt thred-bare Vertue, and leane honesty,
Were thought unworthy great mens company.

A man of learning, wisdom, breeding, wit,
And had all parts that did conduce to it;
Yet if his purse were ignorant of pence,
A fig for's learning or his eloquence;
But he must cringe and creep t' each gilded Sot,
Whose purse is full, although his head be not:
Thousands *per annum* were the only glory,
And sweet-fac'd Gold the winning'st Oratory;
These favorites of Fortune, (that is, fooles)
Whose ignorance did make them foes to Schooles,
And Schollers, nay to all ingenious Arts;
That had a man nere so deserving parts,
And painfull in a calling, two, or three,
All could preserve him scarce from beggarie.

They so dispos'd it, as if 'twere not fit,
One man should have at once both wealth and wit:
And yet these muck-wormes cannot be so wise,
To see how fortune does Eutrapelize,
And give them wealth to plague them; good men hold,
They're fetter'd slaves, although those fetters gold.

CHAP. XIX.

HOW many slow-wormes had we in our Land,
'Twixt whom & beasts no difference could stand
That having wealth, liv'd here, and spent their own,
And having suckt out that (Leech-like) are gone.

Whose

Whose life (if 'twere a life) cannot be found
 Guilty of one good Act, that might redound
 Unto their kindreds, friends, or Countries good,
 But ev'n like Belly-slaves, provide for food ;
 Whose minds were not emblazon'd with those gifts,
 That man above a brutish Creature lists ;
 They weare no soules within, or if they do ,
 They count them burthens, nay and troubles too :
 Their bodies do, like *Sodomes Apples*, stand,
 And they but Pleonasmes of our Land.
 Luxurious wantonnesse did still prevent
 Their naturall desire of nourishment ;
 They us'd Provocatives to eat, drink, sleep,
 From hunger, thirst, and cold themselves to keep.
 The Cankers and the Bellies of the State,
 Whose limbs stand uselesse, as if out of date ;
 And when they die, this only may be said,
Here lies one that was borne, that liv'd, and's dead,
By whom death lost his labour ; he's no more
But a dead lump, and so he was before.

CHAP. XX.

OUr giddy phanfy surfeited with pride,
 In various habit ev'n the French out-vy'd ;
 So great was our luxurious wantonnesse,
 'Twas sin the Sun should twice behold one dresse.
 Fashions had still a *Clymax*, clothing went
 From warme, to comely, thence magnificent.
 Our naturall haire not shed by Venerie,
 Was shav'd by Pride, and we our heads belie
 With womens excrements ; which might be known,
 (Only because we bought it) 'twas our own ;

Lech'ry

Lech'ry first taught this evill to our Nation ;
Now what it wore for need, we weare for fashion.

Women transform'd to men, men women grew ;
We by the shape scarce one from t'other knew ;
Such boldnesse those, these such effeminatenes
Possess'd, that both seem'd one *Androgenes*.
Faces bely'd with paint, and *Tork* put there,
Where nature did at first write *Lancaster*.

When angry teeth fell out, and brake their fums,
By the pollution of their stinking gums,

Begot by sweet-meats, or that trait'rous sawce,
The rebell to good stomachs; wholsome Lawes

Women had Regiments of teeth in pay,
And drew out severall Cent'ries every day,

To stop the Breaches, that should Poets write
Their teeth were Ivory ; it may be right.

Their heads with massy-ruffs were bulwark'd round,
And yōak'd in bands, which scarce a measure found.

With such impostures, and a thousand more,
As if we were not prond, but pride all o're.

This brings new sins, new sins new plagues draw on ;
So Pride's preamble to destruction.

A Kingdomes blisse is but conditionall;

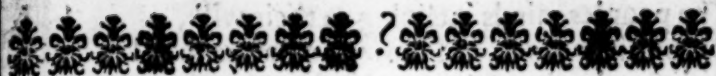
When they from Grace, they straight from Glory fall :

For whatsoever unto vice doth tend,

Begins in sin, and must in sorrow end.

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The Iron Age

CHAP. I.

THe cup of trembling, which so oft has bin
 Quaft round about us, is at last steep in,
 And we must drink the dregs on't; we that be
 Sever'd from other Nations by the Sea,
 And from our selves divided by our sin,
 Need now no forraign foes, wee've foes within.
 What need an enemy the walls to bear,
 When the defendents sins doe ope the gate?
 God, who at first, did man to man unite,
 Sets man 'gainst man, in a *Cadmean* fight:
 Limb jarrs with limb, and every member tries
 To be above's superiour Arteries;
 The Elements and humours, that before
 Made up a compound body, now no more
 Kisse in an even tempr'ature, but try
 T' un-make themselves, by their Antipathy.
 And 'cause divided Kingdomes cannot stand,
 Our Land will be the ruine of our Land.

The State's now quite unhing'd; the Engineers,
 That have been ham'ring it these many yeers,
 Now ply it home, striking while th' iron's hot,
 And make our jarrs th' ingredients of their plot.
 Which b'ing contriv'd by some, whom Schism and pride
 Had long ago inflam'd; now when they spi'd,

The peoples minds inclining to their will,
 Set on their work, and more, and more instill
 Sedition, by themselves, and instruments,
 To fill the peoples minds with discontents;
 But privately at first, untill, at length,
 They had increas'd their number, pow'r, and strength.

CHAP. II.

THen first a Meteor with a Sword breaks forth
 Into this Island, from the boist'rous North;
 Darting ill influences on our State;
 And though we knew not what they aimed at,
 They went to make us Denizons o'th' Tombs,
 While they religiously possess'd our roomes:
 These, from the entrailes of a barren soile,
 On an imagin'd wrong invade our Isle,
 Upon pretence of Liberty, to bring
 Slav'ry to us, and ruine to our King:
 Whose yelling throats b'ing choakt, at last, with that
 Which cures all, *Gold*; they aimed at
 A private project, to ingage the rout
 Of English Scots, to bring their ends about,
 And spoile the Crown: so what they could not do,
 By force; by fraud, they slyly work us to.
 They came to help us, that themselves might get,
 And are deare Brethren; but we pay for it.
 Hence, hence our tears, hence all our sorrow springs:
 The curse of Kingdomes, and the Bane of Kings!

CHAP. III.

CHAP. III.

Then they in publique meet, and 'cause they knew,
 All their successe upon the people grew,
 They feel their pulses, and their cures applie,
 Be't good or bad, still to their phantasie;
 What e're they love to praise, and what they hate,
 In every act to give a jerk at that.
 What e're they would have done, must not b'impos'd
 By humane Law, but with Religion gloz'd;
 And when Lawes penall are too weak to do it,
 Then their Lay-Levites presse the Conscience to it;
 Who are maintained to preach, and pray, and pray,
 As if they had Commissions of Array,
 From Heav'n, to make men fight; they cry, *Armes, armes,*
 What e're's the Text, the Uses are *alarmes*;
 Though they seem pale, like Envy, to our view,
 Their very pray'rs are of a sanguine hue.
 And though they've *Jacobs* Voice, yet we do find
 They've *Esaus* hands (nay more) they've *Esaus* mind.
 Their empty heads are Drums, their noses are
 In sound, and fashion, Trumpets to the warre :
 These dangerous fire-brands, of curst sedition,
 Are Emissaries, to increase division :
 These make Gods Word their pander, to attain
 The fond devices of their factious Brain:
 Like Beacons, being set themselves on fire,
 In peoples minds, they uproares straight inspire.
 Or, like the Devill, who, since from heav'n he fell,
 Labors to pull mankind, with him, to hell :
 In this beyond the Devill himself they go,
 He sow'd by night, they in the day-time sow.

He while the Servants slept, did sow his tares,
 They boldly in Gods Pastors sight sow theirs.
 They've tongue-ti'd Truth, Scripture they've made a
 Where each new Heresie may see his face. (glasse,

CHAP. IX.

They make long speeches, and large promises;
 And giving hopes of plenty, and increase;
 Cherish all discontented men at hand,
 To help all grievances; they crouch, and stand
 Congying to all, and granting every Suit,
 Approve all Causes, Factions; and impute
 All scandalls to the Court, that they're unjust,
 And negligent, giv'n to delight and lust;
 And what's done there (to give the more offence)
 They still interpret in the worser sense.
 In all they make great shoves of what they'l do,
 They'l hear the poor, and help the needy too:
 For in all civill Discords, those that are
 Disturbers, alwaies counterfeit the care
 Of Publike good; pretending, they will be
 Protectors of the Peoples Libertie;
 The Priviledge o'th' State, the good o'th' King,
 The true Religion; yet all's but to bring
 Their owne designs about: they'l ruine all,
 That they may rise, though the whole Kingdome fall.
 By these delusions, us'd with dext'rous Art,
 They drew all factious spirits to their part:
 The childish People gazing at what's gay,
 Flock to these shoves, as to a Puppet-Play;
 Like drunken men, they this way, that way reele,
 And turne their minds, as Fortune does her wheele.

They

They long for noveltie, are pleas'd with shewes,
And few truth, from truth-seeming Error knowes.
Their love (like French-mens courage) does begin
Like powder, and goes out, as soon 's 'tis in.
The thing or person, whom they dearly love,
Within a moment hate, and disapprove :
They measure every Action by th' event,
And if they're crost by some ill accident ;
Whoever serves them, nere shall recompence,
With all his vertuous deeds, one slight offence.
So wretched is that Prince, that Church, that State,
That rests upon their love, or on their hate.
They'l all be Kings, and Priests, to teach and sway
Their Brethren, but they can't indure t' obey,
Nor rule themselves ; and that's the only cause,
Why they've pluck'd down Religion, and the Lawes,
And yet will settle neither; that they might
Have faire pretences to make people fight :
For, by this cunning, every factious mind
Hopes to find that, to which he's most inclin'd;
They like *Miscellionists*, of all minds bee,
Yet in no one opinion can agree ;
Their Planet-heads they in Conjunction draw,
As empty Skulls meet in a *Golgotha*.
Each head his severall sence, though senselesse all,
And though their humors by the eares do fall,
In this they jump, to disobey and hate
What ere's injoyn'd them by the Church or State:
And all strive to be Reformation-men ;
Yet putting out one evill, bring in ten.

CHAP. ~~IV~~. IV

Great men, that would be little Kings, did come :
 Some led by discontent, b' ambition some:
 Others of ruin'd fortunes, but a mind
 To pomp, to sloth, and luxury inclin'd ;
 Who long'd for civill warres, that they might be
 Instal'd in wealth, or we in miserie :
 These bobtail'd Beares, would faine like Lyons raig, n,
 And Clownes would drive, or ride in *Charles* his Wain.
 These, by their greatnesse, were the heads of Faction :
 The Commons must be hands, and feet of Action,
 That must by force defend, if they had need,
 Their grand design ; Thus on their plots succeed.

All humours stir'd, none cur'd ; jarr, yet conspire,
 To be all fuell, to begin the fire ;
 Some go in wantonneffe to see, and some
 Must go, because they cannot stay at home ;
 Villaines, that from just death could not be free,
 But by the Realms publique calamitie ;
 They're like the Milt, which never can increase,
 But by the bodies ruine or disease ;
 That with our money must recruit their chests,
 And only in our trouble, have their rests ;
 Such as in luxury, in lust, in play,
 Have prodigally thrown their states away ;
 Convicted persons, Bankrupt Citizens,
 That spend their own, and long for other mens:
 Servants, which from their Masters hither flee,
 And change their bondage for this libertie :
 Men of high thoughts, and of a desp'rate mind,
 Wild Gallants, whose vast thoughts were not confin'd
 To'th'

To th' Circle of the Lawes; and all, whom want
Or guilty Conscience made extravagant,
Flock'd in to make up this new Colonie,
Where hainous Crimes had got a Jubilee:
And as in this, so 'tis in every state,
Men of low fortunes envy still and hate
The good, extoll the bad, they disapprove
All ancient Lawes, and novelties do love:
Disdaine their own estates, and envy those,
Whose wealth above their ruin'd fortune goes.
These are secure from troubles, for they're poore,
And, come what can, they can't be made much more.

Nor was't a small incentive, to behold
How the poor *Skjwndrells* wallowed in Gold;
How Kingly in their diet and array,
And how they do their betters daunt and sway,
To whom they had been vassalls heretofore,
And been perhaps relieved from their doore.
This made the Peasant, who did work for's hire,
Or beg, or steal, leave ploughing, and aspire
To imitate the rest as well's he can,
First steales a horse, and then's a Gentleman.
A young Phisitian well may guesse th' events,
Of medicines, made of such ingredients;
For how unlikely is't, things should go right,
When th' Devills Souldiers for Gods cause do fight.

*Mongst these they stole the hearts of some that be
True meaning men, of zeale and piety,
Though ignorantly zealous, still posselt
By their strange Doctrine, that none could be blest
That were not Actors, who did neuters stand,
God would spue out; Opposers out of hand
Should be cut off; No mercy, they decreed,
To th' Enemy, though *Christ* should intercede:

No pardon : but their goods, moneys and all,
As guerdon of their facts to them should fall.

Wealth, pleasure, honour, that were wont to be
The generall spurrs to all Activitie,
Were largely promis'd unto every one,
Just as they found his inclination.
It was esteem'd an ordinary grace,
For broken Cirz to get a Captaines place.
The wealthy Citizens, whose glut'nous eye
Gaz'd on the publique faith, that Lotterie,
Though they for feare or shame were loth to do it,
They'd cut down Boughs, and cry *Hosanna* to it :
They brought their plate and money to this Bank,
Hoping for Prizes, but draw forth a Blank.
Themselves reserve the Prizes, and this stands
Still gaping, like the bottomlesse Quicksands.
You might track plate, like beasts, to th' Lyons den,
How much went in, but none came out agen?
Here was our *Primum mobile* of woe!
This was the Mother and the Nurse on't too!
Thus many were drawn in: But those that were,
Not mov'd by love, were driven on by feare.

CHAP. VI.

THe adverse part, perceiving their intents,
Prepar'd them powers for their own defence.
The Gentry for the basenesse they did do,
Were quite discountenanc'd, and justly too :
They grew degenerate, and Gentility
Was but a Nick-Name, or a livery,
Which every wealthy Clown might have, and weare,
And be stil'd *Worshipfull*. They took no care

To keep their blood untainted from the stain
Of vulgar fordidnesse, and so maintain
The glory of their Ancestors, that be
Deriv'd to them from vast eternitie ;
But mixt the Blood that had enrich'd their veines,
With each ignoble Slave, or Trull, for gaines.
Learning, wit, vertue, birth, report, that be
Essentiall bases of Gentilitie,
Vail'd all to wealth ; and that's the Cause we find,
So many rich in purse, so few in mind.
How many Justices did wealth advance,
That had nothing to show, but ignorance ?
They liv'd, like Cedars, and their drops from high
Made th' poor, like under-woods, to starve and die:
That in what place we saw so many poor,
Some great man liv'd not farr, we might be sure.

Now these that so imperiously did awe,
When they perceiv'd men did not care a straw
For their commands, but that the shrub began
To be as stately as the Gentleman;
Then they (though not for conscience sake) oppose
Them, that t' infringe the Kingly pow'r arose.
The truly noble *Heroes* (for there be
Two contrarieties in each degree)
Are by the blindfold people made to beare
In suffering (though not in sin) a share ;
For when the vulgar to be Judges come,
Then all must suffer for the fault of some.
They quickly saw, when the bold Subject dares
Usurp Kings Rights, 'tis time to look to theirs.

The vulgar, knowing little, but b'ing led
By th' Priests, or Gentry, joyn to make a head
Each as his phansie leads him.

Some ambidextrous villaines took one part,
 And yet held with the other in their heart :
 Such men desire our Warrs may still increase,
 And feare of nothing but a needy peace.
 Mean while the Newters, Jacks of both sides stand,
 Poyssing themselves, on both, yet neither hand,
 Like Goddesses of victory attend,
 To take the Conquerors part i'th' latter end.
 Those that are wisest, were they *Argos*-cy'd,
 And (*Bythian*-like) had every eye supply'd
 With double sight, yet they could hardly see
 Which side to take, and save their Bacon free.

So betwixt both, these civill warres ore-whelm
 Th' whole superficies of this wretched Realm :
 This land that was a *Canaan*, while 'twas good,
 Is now the sad *Aceldama* of blood.

CHAP. VII.

AND now the great State-gamesters plainly find,
 All, either stir'd in body or in mind.
 The instruments prepar'd, to work they fall,
 Ambiguous oaths (Treasons Originall)
 They now invent, impose; First men are made
 To sweare amisse, and then they do perswade,
 Those oaths bind them to do what these intend,
 Stretching poor soules to bring about their end.

Now jealousies and feares, which first arose
 From the polluted Consciences of those
 That were the first contrivers; these divide
 The limbs from th' Head, nay from themselves beside.
 One won't confide in t'other; this, although
 It rose from nothing, to a world did grow.

Nor

Nor did it lose by th' way ; like Balls of snow,
It bigger still, as it did go, did grow.

Both separate themselves, and each intends
Distance, a great advantage to their ends:
Those, that had active bin on either side,
Are mutually accus'd, sent for, denyed:
This makes both stick to what they had begun,
And each his course more eagerly did run.

First they fall to't by pen, which did incense
Both parties with a greater vehemence ;
From hence names of disgrace at first arose,
And each to other made more odious :
And the amazed people did invite
To lay aside their tedious peace, and fight.
They plainly saw the warr, before they could
Discern the Cause on't; and they might behold
Th' effects, though not the quarrell ; they well knew
That they must feel the warr, and end it too.

Warr, like a Serpent, at the first, appear'd
Without a sting, that it might not be fear'd ;
But having got in's head, begins to be
The sole Monopolist of Monarchie.

Thus by degrees we ran from peace ; to go
Downward, was easie ; but b'ing once below,
To re-ascend that glorious hill, where blisse
Sits thron'd with Peace, oh what a labour 'tis.
Our floating eyes, in seas of teares, may see
The heav'n we 're faln from ; but our miserie
Does more increase, to Tantalize to th' brink,
In happinesse, when yet we cannot drink.
Now we must fight for peace, whose worth by most
Was not discern'd, till utterly 'twas lost.
None know the good of peace, but such as are
Broil'd in the furnace of intestine warre.

CHAP. VIII.

NOW having us'd the effeminate warr of words,
Which did enlarge the jarrs, at length the swords
Apparelling themselves in robes of blood,
Sate Doctors of the Chaire, which never stood
To heare the Cause, but quickly does decide
All that comes near, and without skill divide
All *individuum*s. 'Tis a fearfull Case,
When undiscerning swords have Umpires place :
That have two-edg'd to wound, but have no eye
To sever Justice from iniquity.

When rage and Ignorance shall moderate,
That understand no Syllogisms, but straight
Turning all method into curst confusion,
Majors to *Minors*, bring both to *Conclusion*.

And now the great *Reformists* only care
Is how to help those miseries which were
Of their own rearing Faction, like a Snake,
Stings those, from whom it did a quick'ning take.
First, all the Kingdome to a need they draw :
Then make that need, they've brought, their only Law.
This Mint of Lawes stands not on observation
Of Statutes fixt (the Birth-right of our Nation)
It's turn'd a warlike Councell, and no more
A legall Senate, as it was before.

Now *Salus Populi* begins to be
The generall Warrant to all villanie,
Of which themselves are Judges ; lawlesse need
(The conqu'ring Rebell to all Lawes) does plead
A priviledge, what e're they say or do,
New need still make them act contrary too .

When

When any injur'd Subjects did complain,
 These two Lawes paramount could all maintain.
 Religion too, and fundamentall Lawes
 Are both o're-ruled by a Law, call'd *Cause*.

CHAP. IX.

OUR quarrell is a working jealousie
 Fixt in a sever'd Kingdome, both sides be
 So diffident of each, they'l rather die,
 Then trust each other: such Antipathie
 Springs from this ground; Subjects dare spill the blood
 Of their anointed Sovereign, for his good.
 Th' ungratefull Son, forgetting natures Lawes,
 Dares kill his Father for the good of's *Cause*.
 Fathers their sonnes; and Brothers, Kinsmen, Friends
 Do seek their Brothers, Friends, and Kinsmens ends.
 Armes, that long uselesse lay for want of warr,
 Are now call'd forth, more summoned from farr:
English to *English* are become a terrour;
 One wicked action is a seconds mirrour.
 Each strives in mischief to transcend another;
 And every Christian is a Turk to's Brother.
 Blowes seldome fall upon a barren ground,
 But beare centuple crops, they still rebound.
 Rage begets rage, men do in vice climb higher,
 And all bring fuell to increase the fire.
 Conscience rejected, men their forces bend,
 Which shall the rest in height of sin transcend.
 Now faith and loyalty grow out of date,
 And Treason is the Gole that's aimed at.
 The sacred league 'twixt body and the soule,
 Which Lawes preserv'd inviolate, and whole,

Is daily broke, and that sweet Bridegroom forc'd
 From his beloved Spouse to be divorc'd.
 Each man is drunk with *Gallus*, and growes mad ;
 Nor can there *Hellebore* enough be had,
 To re-instate our reason in its throne ;
 Nor have we sence enough to feel we've none.
 Th' Age was so vile; the Iron Age of old
 Compar'd with ours, may be an Age of Gold.

We in the times of peace, like th' Ocean, were
 Impenetrable, till Divisions tare
 Us from our selves, and did divide us quite,
 As the Red Sea was by the *Israelite*.
 And we, like walls, facing each other, stand
 To guard our foes, while they devour our Land.
 We are like those that vainly go to Law,
 And spend their Corn, while they defend the straw ;
 We sue for Titles, Castles in the aire,
 Egg'd on on both sides by the Martiall Lawyer,
 Who saies, the Cause is good : but what's the fruit ?
 We spend the substance to maintain the Suit.
 At last, we purchase at so deare a rate,
 A larger title of an empty State.
 But oh ! the generall Law-Case of our Nation,
 Doth know no Terme, nor yet our woes Vacation.

CHAP. X.

NAY we can't soon enough our selves undo,
 But we call others in to help us too.
 They bring their pocky Whores, and do desire
 To drive us from our Land by sword and fire.
 These serve as Umpires, not to worke our peace,
 But that their wealth may with our Wars increase.

For Forraigne aids, and Contributions are
 Not to conclude, but to prolong the Warre,
 All for their own advantage; not t'expire,
 But (fuel-like) t'increase the fatall fire.
 We (like the Steele and flint) do fall by th'ears,
 And each by mutuall blowes his fellow wears :
 Mean while the Souldier (like a wily Fox)
 Purfes the golden sparkles, which our knocks
 Strike forth : so we must all expect no lesse
 Then certain ruine, or a sudden peace.
 These Journey-Souldiers will expect a pay,
 Nor can fair promises their stomacks stay :
 Plunder but blowes the flame ; they will so farre
 Ingage themselves in our unnat'rall Warre,
 That when they end it, it shall be so well,
 They'l take the fish, and give both sides a shell.
 They (*Phoenix*-like) will from our ashes rise,
 And 'tis our ruine only satisfies
 Their bloody minds; and we may justly feare;
 They will have all, not be content to share.

CHAP. XI.

HOW direfull are th' effects of Civill Warre !
 No Countries, Cities, Corporations are,
 Nor Families, but their division's so,
 That their own selves will their own selves undo.
 One's for the *King*, and t'other for the *States*,
 And the poor Souldiers, like the *Andabates*,
 Fight blind-fold, shoot, are shot, are wounded, die,
 Only because they do, not knowing why.
 Yet those whom rage had hurri'd on to slay
 Each other in the *Exodus* o'th' day,

Breath

Breath with their soules their anger out, and lie
 Kissing, or hug each other when they die:
 And though in life they had such enmitie,
 Meet in one death, and there they both agree.

Two Armies now against themselves do fight,
 For th' publike good, so equall both in might,
 That betwten both the Kingdom's like to faile,
 And both to fall, but neither to prevaile:
 Yet both in disagreeing do consent,
 To be the Realms continuall punishment.

While some, like Camells, take delight to swill
 Their souls ith' troubled waters of our ill,
 That are on foot oth' Kingdome, and do rise
 When that does fall, and on our miseries
 Do float, like Arks, the more the waves aspire;
 The more they dance, and are exalted higher.
 That (Leech-like) live by blood, but let such know,
 Though they live merry at the Kingdomes woe,
 'Tis a sad *Obit*, when their Obsequies
 Are tun'd with Widdowes, and with Orphans cries.
 Woe be to those, that did so far ingage
 This wretched Kingdome in this deadly rage!
 That both sides being twins of Church and State,
 Should slay each other in their fatall hate.
 This mountain sin will clog their guilty souls,
 Whose pois'nous breath hath kindled all these coales;
 And when their souls do from their bodies flie,
 If they have buriall, (which they so desie,
 And 'tis more fit their carkas meat should be
 To Beasts, whom they transcend in crueltie)
 Posterity upon their tombs shall write,
Better these men had never seen the light:
 'Tis just that all *Achitophels* of State,
 That have his policie, should have his Fate.

CHAP. XII.

THe Sun four times, and more, his course hath run,
 Since we began to strive to be undone;
 Since millions, heap'd on millions, do concur
 T'increase the sinewes of this too strong War:
 The glutted ground hath been parboild in bloud
 Of equall slaughters, victory hath stood
 Indifferent Arbitrer to either side,
 As if that heav'n by that had signif'd,
 Both were in fault, and did deserve to be
 Both overthrowne; not crown'd with victory.
 While Saw-pit Warriours blind the peoples eyes,
 On both sides with mock-victories, and lies;
 And tell us of great Conquests, but they be
 Totall defeats giv'n by *Synechdoche*:
 VVhen one side is the Master of the field,
 T'other striv'd to recruit, but not to yeeld;
 And which soever won, was sure to lose,
 The Conquests being the Conq'rors overthrowes:
 Skirmishes every day, where Souldiers get
 Salmatian spoiles, with neither blood nor sweat:
 To overcome by turnes both sides agree,
 Horses are taken, but the men go free.
 Towns have been lost and won, and lost and won,
 VVhole Counties plunder'd, thousands been undone,
 All to no purpose: warres still keep their course,
 And we instead of better, grow far worse:
 VVar does the nature o'th' *Abelson* hold,
 VVhich being once made hot, growes never cold.
 VVe have a Lease of lives on't, our heires be
 Intitled to our plagues, as well as we,

By lineall succession. Peace is quite
Ejected from possession of her right;
Passion's like heavy bodies; down a hill
Once set in motion, doe run downward still :
The Quarrell's still inflam'd, Jealousies
And Fears increase, Malice doth higher rise
VVant comes upon us arm'd: Humanity
Dissolves to savagenesse; Friendship doth lie
Trod underfoot; neither can Natures force,
Or consanguinity, beget remorse,
Or un-inrage mens fury; now the Sword
Is Lord Chief Justice, and will not afford
Law the copartnership; for none must be
Primate or Metropolitan, but he.
Lawes are but ligaments of peace, which are
Broken (like threads) by all in time of VVarre.

CHAP. XIII.

PLundring, that first was licenc'd by that Cause,
That turnes ev'n lawlesseesse it selfe to Lawes,
Spurr'd on by need, and sweetned by the gaine,
Growes Epidemicall, and spreads amaine.
It slightes the difference of friends and foes,
And like an uncurb'd Torrent, over-flows.
That which before was Fellonie, 's the same
Only new christen'd with a German name.
This violent killing men, which was ere while,
Condemn'd for murther, now they valour stile.
Opposing of a Parliament, they bring
Now to be due Allegiance to the King.
And who the Kings Prerogative do hare,
Are now call'd faithfull Servants to the State.

The King (a syllable that us'd to be
 Sacred ; a name that wore Divinitie)
 Is banded on the tongue of ev'ry slave,
 And most by those to whom he quickning gave.
 The Coblers Crow hath now forgot to sing
 His *Χαίρε Κῆρας*, but cries, *kill the King*.
 He, on whose health, wealth, safety do depend
 Our health, wealth, safety, and with whose they end :
 He, whom the everlasting Potter chose
 A Vessell for himselfe, is by his foes
 Scandal'd, despis'd : those *Phaetons* of Pride,
 Would pull him down, that they might up and ride.

Our wealth, the excrement of all our toile,
 For which, in daies of peace, we did so moile,
 And care to rake together, 's quickly gone,
 Like a scrap't portion on a scatt'ring sonne.
 Gold, which we made our God, and did adore,
 Is but a cause to make our Plagues the more ;
 The worldlings *Mammon*, which (he did suppose)
 Made him nor love his friends, nor feare his foes,
 Is now his snare ; nay 'tis become a sin,
 Now to have wealth, which heretofore hath been
 Our only vertue. We call those good men,
 That swell'd with goods, not goodnesse ; now 'tis grown
 Our only innocence, if we have none.

The idle Souldier doth devour the store
 That painfull men have labour'd for before ;
 Unstock the grounds, and clean deface the fields ;
 Th'untutor'd ground scarce any harvest yeelds.
 The grasse for want of Cattell, dries away,
 And without labour turnes it selfe to hey :
 Corn while it growes, is eat or trodden downe ;
 Or if it happen to be reap't or mowne,

Right owners do but toile the more about it,
 To bring't to them, themselves must go without it :
 They work, fare, lie hard, all to maintain Knaves,
 So that at best, they are but Troopers slaves ;
 And now in them is *Adams* curse made good,
 They with much labour get a little food.
 Some men will toile no more to till the ground,
 Because no profit of it does redound
 Unto themselves, or (which is worse) for want
 Of Horse or Hinds, those that would do it can't.

CHAP. XIII.

ALL which do usher in a famine, that
 Comes seldome unattended ; Graves grow fat,
 When Captaine Lack comes with his hungry Troop
 Of fell diseases, and takes people up
 To victuall death a Garrison ; then all
 That 'scape the Sword, must by the Famine fall.
 We, to our grieve, shall find that Axiome true,
 Who die without the sword, die by it too.
 Need will create new foes, for hunger growes
 A warrant to all villany, and knowes
 No Property nor Right ; wrongs legall be
 By that authentick Law, Necessitie.
 Spurr'd on by this, no man will passe or care,
 So he may have't, from whom, how, when, or where.

Commanders make a mizmaze of the Warre,
 And all their battells subtle motions are.
 If one remove his men, the other will
 Move after him, and so they follow still ;
 But yet they have a Precept, that confines
 Each in the compasse of their mutuall Lines,

And

And not molest each other; they agree
 To share our goods, and set each other free,
 By mutuall change. Thus that great *Idoll Cause*,
 To whom they've sacrific'd the mangled Lawes
 Of God and Man, is but a cunning paint,
 To make a Devill seem a heav'nly Saint.

While we like Turkish slaves, are bought and sold,
 Imprison'd and releas'd, and all for Gold,
 From one to t'other: Now we need not feare
Algier abroad, we have too many here;
 And what ere they pretend their quarrells are,
 They only fight which shall have greatest share
 In our estates, by rapine, and by stealth;
 And thus they mean they fight for th'Commonwealth.
 This lacks a house, and that desires a field,
 And new injoyments new desires do yeeld;
 The Victors know nor modesty, nor measure
 Of their desires, but their gain, pompe, and pleasure:
 No moderation bridles or keeps in
 The head-strong force of a prevailing sin.
 And the Commanders too, that ought to be
 The *Remora's* to th' Souldiers cruelty,
 Sometimes transcend the rest in vice, as farre
 As they b' Authority above them are.
 Beggars on horse-back, that no art can do,
 Whereby we may them from inferiours know,
 But by their injuries, and those do stand
 As a sure Argument of their Command.
 Nor fight they as our Ancestors did fight,
 By force, to get our Law-denied right;
 But cauponate the Warre; they sell and buy
 A Town, a Castle, or a Victory.
 What ere an Enemy shall do or say,
 Is all forgiven, if he will but pay.

These Garrisons are Sanctuaries still,
 To shelter those, that do, and maintain ill.
 They 're Purgatories too; we go about
 To bring in Popery, while we drive it out.

CHAP. XV.

ANd yet these Souldiers go t'undo us quite,
 And steale our reason, as they have our right :
 Both say they fight for our Religion,
 And Laws, which all our safety stands upon ;
 Yet they'd bewitch us so, we should not see,
 That by this warr both violated be,
 Unlesse we take prophanenesse for the true
 Religion, and injury for due.
 If prisonment be liberty, and peace
 Be made by open warres: if truth increase
 By new broach't heresies; then Churches are
 Maintain'd by blood, and Kingdomes rul'd by warre,
 If in those two a Gordian knot were knit,
 'Tis fit that wisdome then should open it,
 And not the sword. Warr is the Common nurse
 Of Barbarisme; Souldiers add curse to curse :
 Those rude Professors o'th' reforming Trade,
 How unfit instruments will they be made
 To rectifie the Church, that hardly name
 God, but in Oaths, when wine or wrath inflame
 Themselves above themselves: or if there are
 Men of more conscience, then the rest, or care,
 'Tis but to gloze their Actions; we all see
 Their courses are full of impietic.

How can we exercise Religion now,
 When want of Lawes doth liberty allow

To all prophanenesse? Such lewd men as they
Have made the Wart a Common Holiday
To all licentiousnesse. We hardly can
Serve God aright (so vile is every man ;)
Nor live uprightly in such times as these,
Being so wicked in the daies of peace.
Is this Religion, when each Souldier dares
Become a Bishop, to correct our Prayers,
And new-coin all our orders? each retaines
A publique Synod in his factious braines.

Temples which pious Fathers have erected
For Divine VVorships, how are they rejected?
Made stalls for horse and men (more beasts then they)
Where God did feed his flock, horse feed on hey.
Garments to Churches giv'n by Saints, t' adorne
The Sheep, by sacrilegious Wolves are worne:
And harmlesse Railes, which stood in the defence
O'th' Table, from irreverent violence,
They have thrown down; as if they would allow
No railing, but such as from Pulpets flow.
VVho e're but sees these acts, must needs allow
Gods House was n'ere more den of thieves, then now.

Such bad effects, or more pernicious farr,
VVe must expect, when an eternall VVarr
Cures a divided Church; the victorie
VVill prove more pestilent then the War can be.

CHAP. XVI.

Old Lawes cannot be us'd, or new ones made,
VVhen generall lawlesseesse doth all invade,
Custom and Liberty have made mens mind
Uncapable of curbs; that should we find,

Lawes re-establish'd with a pow'r to sway;
Men are more prone to suffer, then t' obey.

The eyleffe Sword's unable to decide,
But with it's two-edg'd skill it doth divide
The Client, not the Cause; Our Liberties
Which they pretend to save, before our eyes
Are still infring'd; they ev'ry day divorce
Us from our livings, by that law call'd *Force*.
Nor have we Judges, to appeal for right,
Nor law to live by, but a greater Might:
That should we by such courses purchase peace,
'Twould be dear bought at such high rates as these.
Nor would I thank their bounty, that present
Food, when my body is by famine spent:
And all these woes (the more t'augment our Curse)
Are but sad Prologues to an Act that's worse.
Yet though our woes be great, and still increase,
We're not desirous, nor prepar'd for peace;
But so bewitched with their fawning knavery,
We bind our selves to an eternall slavery:
For if that any peacefull Treaties are,
Those mannage them that have begun the war;
And how unlikely is't, it should succeed,
When Malefactors judge, and Traytors plead.

CHAP. XVII.

THe loyall Subjects mourn, and grieve to see
The Realm destroy it selfe by policie,
To prevent ruine; and will be as far
From blowing, as from kindling this our war;
Not out of cowardise, or fear to die,
But they desire to have a reason why

This

This Realm is not better preserv'd by peace,
Then by such ruine-bringing wars, as these:
They see no cause so great, why 'twas begun,
As now they doe, why it should soon be done.
They love the *King* in earnest, and believe,
His presence doth a perfect essence give
To *Parliaments*; which though they don't adore,
They duly honour, and do wish for more,
Though not for such: and they think them to be,
If right, the Kingdomes sole felicity.
They think them not omnipotent, but be
Men, Subjects, prone to err, as well as we.
They love Religion, and don't hold it fit,
To have it alter'd by each Cockcombs wit.
They would not have it puppeted with shewes,
Nor rudely stript start naked of its Cloths;
As if there were no better way to cure
A Lethargy, but with a Calenture.

The Surplice, which so much is rail'd upon,
And term'd by some the *Whore of Babilon*;
Wise men will not believe 'tis so; or wer't,
Whores smocks will serve to make a Rogue a shirt.
Or if whores do weare smocks, we do not know,
Why honest people should not weare some too.
It is not zeale of those that rob us of it,
But 'cause 'twas whorish, therefore they do love it.

Oft Preaching is not counted an offence,
Least Treason and Sedition flow from thence:
For it is known; they that do Faction teach,
May (what d'ee call't) but neither pray nor preach.
Good Preachers are as contrary to these,
As is our *Zenith* to th' *Antipodes*.
Those like not peace, that go about to draw
The Gospell from agreement with the Law.

And

And would have so much difference betwixt
 These two, as 'tween their Doctrine and their Text.
 'Tis our desire to make them friends againe,
 That so the Gospell may the Law maintaine.
 They are (though two) one Word, and should agree;
 As their two Authors, in one unitie.

We hate Court-lazy-Clergy, and withall
 The new State-Levites, too pragmaticall.
 We pray for peace, the Physick of our Nation,
 Not sprung from Warr, but from Accomodation.

CHAP. XVIII.

WHy then? you tottering Bases of our Land,
 Who at this wave-tost Kingdomes Sterne doe
 Why did you first begin? why do you still (stand;
 With all your force strive to prolong our ill?
 Can't all our sad Petitions? can our charmes
 Of people; groaning under the Alarmes
 of bloodie broiles, nor slaughter'd Subjects cries,
 Move you to end our endlesse miseries?
 Sheath up your Swords, and let your quarrells cease;
 Or drown themselves in a desired peace.
 The *King* and *State* are individuall,
 And both must needs decay, if one do fall.
 They're like the twins of old *Hypocrates*,
 Both live together, both together cease.
 And what a glorious triumph 'tis to see
 Both Prince and People kisse in Unitie!

Our God is all-sufficient, and as far
 In peace he's to be trusted, as in war;
 He can as well wisdom bestow, and skill,
 To treat, as pow'r to fight; and as he will,

Both

Both have successe. 'Tis man-like to contest
By disputation; force is for a Beast:
Those that do save a State from perishing,
Do truly love the Kingdome and the King.
And as much honour will to those accrue,
That save a Kingdome, as that gaine a new.

You that are call'd divine; nay Gods, why then
Do you degenerate to worse then men?
And have no share of what should in you be,
The chief of Attributes, just Clemency?
Is't not as great a glory, to forget
An injury, as take revenge for it?
The injur'd Subject would be glad to hear
That mutuall love might triumph over feare.
What if we have been injur'd heretofore?
Must we, to help us, make our wrongs the more?
If we were wet before, shall we desire
No remedy, but a consuming fire?
And can there be no temperate Region knowne;
Betwixt the *Frigid*, and the *Torrid-Zone*?
War is a pleasant Theme to those that do
Not what it is, nor what it bringeth, know.
But they will get as much that first began
These broiles, as he that ploughs the Ocean;
Nothing but stormy Billowes. War's a Play,
Which both the Stage and Actors will destroy.
'Tis like an Estridge, hot, and can digest
Men that are valiant, men of Iron brest.

VWould you've Religion? 'tis no godly course
To write upon mens consciences by force.
Faith is destroy'd, and Love that cemented
The Head and Members, now from both is fled.
VWhere's then our hope? God did not hold it good,
That hands which had bathed themselves in blood,
Though

(Though in a lawfull war) should ever build
 A Temple to his name: mens braines are fill'd
 With Faction so ; that all who lent a hand
 To uncreate Religion , which did stand
 Establiſhed by Law; now each is left
 To his own fancy, how he pleaſe to hav't.
 Now here will be no Church, each pate will be
 A Croſſe to *Chriſt*, a ſecond *Calvarie*.
 Nor can the earth bring any fruit that's good,
 When it is dung'd with its own Childrens blood.
 But how melodiously the accents ſound
 Of Peace, when full-chapt plenty does rebound;
 And answer like an Eccho!

Peace is the Nurſe of Truth, the ſtrength of Lawes ;
 Law, Truth, and Peace, are all *Synonoma's*.
 This is the good mans darling, from this ſprings
 The wealth of Subjects, and the grace of Kings:

CHAP XIX.

BUt an unbias'd reaſon may ſuppoſe
 Which ſide, by th' Sword, does prove victorious;
 Will ſo inſult o're his inflav'd foe,
 That whatſoever does but make a ſhow
 Of leaning to't, though in it ſelfe moſt good,
 Will without Law or Reaſon be withſtood.
 Which ſide ſoe're doth riſe by to'thers fall,
 Will ſtill remain too great, and that too ſmall :
 And ſuch a victory it ſelfe will be
 A greater war, a longer miſerie.

For ſhould the King prevail, 'tis to be fear'd;
 We juſtly are from Parliaments caſhier'd:

And

And without those what can we look for, lesse
Then an untrue, or else a slavish peace?
So while we pole away his naturall power,
He's periwig'd with greater, then before.
'Tis the best conquest, when the Prince is Lord
Of's peoples hearts, by love, not by the Sword.
For what's the King with a full pow'r to sway,
When there are left no Subjects to obey?

And if the war to th' States a conquest brings,
Have at Prerogatives, and pow'r of Kings.
For when the Realm is in confusion run,
(As it must be, when ere the war is done,)
The people, being victors, we shall find,
As various in desires, as they're in mind:
They'l be controlling still, and still aspire
To limit Legall Pow'r, not their desire:
And when their Votes are granted, are as far
From b'ing contented with't, as now they are.
Both King and Magistrate must look to reign
No longer then they do their wills maintain:
And that *Great Councell* (if they did intend)
Can't bring the stubborn people so to bend
T' authority, that any King shall sway
By fixed Lawes, they loyally obey;
No more then Pilots on the stormy seas,
Can guide their cap'ring vessells, where they please.
So we (like fooles) while we do *Scylla* shun,
Do headlongly into *Charybdis* run.
For if we can't indure t' obey one King,
What shall we do if we a thousand bring?

CHAP. XX.

HOW sad our Case is now ! how full of woe !
 We may lament, but cannot speak, or know:
 Our God, in whom our peace, our plenty lay,
 In whom we liv'd, on whom we fixt our stay,
 Who being pleas'd, our foes became our friends,
 (All their designs conducing to his ends)
 Is highly now incenc'd, and will no more
 Own us for's people, as he did before;
 But hath deliver'd us to th' hands of those
 That are our Gods, our Kings, our Kingdoms foes.
 And we 're involved in so many evils,
 That men turn Souldiers, and the Souldiers devills:
 'Tis he that all this variance did bring,
 The King 'gainst us, and we against the King.
 A King, so good, so gracious, so divine,
 That (if 'twere possible) he doth out-shine
 The glory of his Ancestors, yet he
 Is bundled up in our Calamitie.
 Better ten thousands of his Subjects fall,
 Then he whose life 's th' *Enchiridion* of all.

Our Councell's thwarting, and our Clergy heady,
 Gentry divided, Commonalty unsteady;
 That alwaies to the rising party run,
 Like shadowes, Ecchoes to the shining Sun.
 Religion rent with Shismes, a broken State,
 Our government confus'd, and those, that hate
 The Realm, still undermining, those that brought
 A civill war, which all our ill hath wrought.
 The King in danger ; and the Kingdome roul'd
 Into inevitable ruine, sold
 Unto her foes.

Commerce

Commerce and trade, the sinews of a State,
 The bane of poverty, growes out of date;
 Learning's neglected; and the Heptarchy
 Of liberall Arts, all unregarded lie.
 Our wealth decaies, yet Souldiers still increase,
 The more we fight, the farther off from peace;
 United Kingdomes jarring, and our foes,
 Laugh at, and labour to increase our woes:
 A generall jealousy, intestine hate,
 'Twixt severall Membess of one wretched State.
 Both pretend Peace and Truth, yet both oppose;
 Which, till both do agree on't, no man knowes.
 Truth is the Child of peace; the golden mean
 Twixt two extremes, which both sides part from clean.
 The poor, that beg'd relief from door to door,
 Are like to pine; each rich man to be poor,
 And many Christians are expos'd (we see)
 Unto the more then barb'rous Crueltie
 Of the remorselesse Souldiers, who run on,
 Like torrents, uncontrolled, and are grown
 Quite prodigall o'th' guiltlesse blood they draw,
 Emboldned by the silence of the Law.
 Streets ring with swearing, one oath brings another,
 As if one were the Eccho unto t'other.
 Nor age, nor sex, nor quality they spare,
 They're not allur'd by love, nor aw'd by feare.
 The *Carolists*, and the *Ratunditie*
 Both must be blended in one miserie.
 They rack, hang, torture men on either side,
 To make them tell where they their gold do hide.
 And lovely Ladies cries do fill the aire,
 While they are drag'd about the house, by th' haire.
 Some ravish't, others rob'd of their attire,
 Whose naked beauty flames their baie desire;

And

And when they have deflour'd those spotlesse soules,
 They butcher them: Whole Townes calcin'd to coles:
 Children that from their mothers first came hither,
 Are with their mothers by them nail'd together.
 From wounded hearts a bloody ocean springs,
 The King bleeds in our wounds, we in the Kings.
 Slain bodies naked lie, and scarce can have
 A Christian Buriall, Kings scarce a grave.
 Nor have we *Zoars* to fly to, from ill,
 But must stay in this *Sodome*, come what will;
 Where we in floating blood surrounded lie,
 Like Islands in a sea of miserie:
 Nor have we either Bulwarkes, Forts, or Armes,
 To stand betwixt our senses and our harmes,
 But our bare skulls; no Trumpers, but our cries,
 And those can't help, though ease our miseries.
 Complaint's an easement to a burden'd soule,
 That vents by retaile, what we feel in whole;
 So on th' *Hydraula's* of our dropsi'd eyes,
 We (Swan-like) sing at our own Obsequies.
 We powre out tears, and having spent our store,
 We weep againe, 'cause we can weep no more:
 Yet all in vain, our griefs do still extend,
 And know no measure, nor our sorrowes end.

Nay, which is more, those that should help all this,
 Labour to make't more wofull then it is.
 Peace we may labour for, but nere shall see,
 Till men from pride and avarice be free.
 Which since we so desire, and cannot find,
 Let's make a ladder of our peace of mind, [dwell,
 By which wee'l skale that Throne, where peace doth
 Roab'd with such joys, which none can think nor tell;
 Which neither vice can break, nor time decay;
 Nor Schisme, nor Treason ever take away.

O det Deus his quoq; finem.

Postscript.

To his judicious Friend, Mr. J. H.

FRIEND,

I Have anvil'd out this *Iron Age*,
Which I commit, not to your patronage,
But skill and Art; for, till 't be fyl'd by you,
'Twill seem ill-shap't in a judicious view:
But, having past your test, it shall not feare
The bolt of Criticks, nor their venom'd speare.
Nay (if you think it so) I shall be bold
To say, 'tis not an *Age of Ir'n*, but *Gold*.

A. C.

Eidem.

H *ic Liber est mundus, homines sunt* (Hoskine) *Versus;*
Invenies paucos hic, ut in orbe, bonos.

Owen. Ep.

E

To



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*To my Lord Lieutenant of
Ireland.*

HOW much you may oblige, how much delight
The wise and noble, would you die to night;
Would you like some grave sullen *Nestor* die,
Just when the Triumphs for the Victorie
Are setting out; would you die now t^e eschew
Our Wreaths, for what your wisdom did subdue:
And though they 're bravely fitted for your head;
Bravely disdain to weare them till you are dead?
Such *Cynick* glory would out-shine the light
Of *Grecian* greatnesse, or of *Roman* height.
Not that the wise and noble can desire
To lose the object they so much admire:
But Heroes and Saints must shift away
Their flesh, ere they can get a Holy-day:
Then like to Time, or Books feign'd Registers,
Victors, or Saints, renown'd in Calenders,
You must depart, to make your value knowne;
You may be lik't, but not ador'd till gone.
So curst a Fate hath humane excellence,
That absence still must raise it to our sence:
Great vertue may be dang'rous; whilst 'tis here;
It wins to love, but it subdues to feare:
The mighty *Julius*, who so long did strive
At more then man, was hated whilst alive:
Even for that vertue which was rais'd so high,
When dead, it made him straight a *Deity*.

Ambassadors, that carry in their breast
Secrets of Kings and Kingdomes Interest,
Have not their calling full preheminance,
Till they grow greater by removing hence :
Like Subjects, here they but attend the Crowne,
Yet swell like Kings Companions when they're gone :
My Lord, in a dull calme the Pilot growes
To no esteem for what he acts or knowes,
But sits neglected, as he uselesse were,
Or con'd his Card, like a young Passenger :
But when the silent winds recover breath,
When stormes grow loud, enough to waken death,
Then were he absent, every Traffiquer
Would with rich wishes buy his being there.
So in a Kingdome calme you leave no rate,
But rise to value in a storme of State.
Yet I recant; I beg you would fogive,
That in such times I must perswade you live :
For with a storm we all are over-cast,
And Northerne stormes are dangerous when they last.
Should you now die, that only know to steere,
The winds would lesse afflict us then our feare :
For each small States-man then would lay his hand
Upon the Helm, and struggle for Command,
Till the disorders that above do grow,
Provoke our curses, whilst we sink below.



A

S A T Y R E

AGAINST

Separatists.

I'Ve been Sir, where so many Puritans dwell,
 That there are only more of them in Hell:
 Where silenc'd Ministers enough were met
 To make a Synod; and may make one yet.
 Their blessed liberty they've found at last,
 And talk'd for all those years of silence past.
 Like some half-pin'd, and hunger-starved men,
 Who when they next get victualls, surfet then.
 Each Countrey of the world sent us back some,
 Like severall winds, which from all quarters come,
 To make a storme: As't haps, 'tis Sunday too,
 And their chief *Rabbies* preach. To Church I go,
 VWhere, that we men more patiently may heare
 Non-sense, to God at first he speaks it there.
 He whines now, whispers straight, and next does roare,
 Now drawes his long words, and now leaps them o're.
 Such various voices I admir'd, and said,
 Sure all the Congregation in him praid.
 'Twas the most tedious Soule, the dullest he,
 That ever came to Doctrines twenty three,
 And nineteen Uses. How he drawes his *Hum*,
 And quarters *Haw*, talks Poppy and Opium!

No Fever a mans eyes could open keep;
 All *Argus* body hee'd have preach'd asleep
 In half an houre. The *Wauld, O Lawd*, he cries
Lukewarmnesse: And this melts the Womens eyes.
 They sob aloud, and straight aloud I snore,
 Till a kind Psalm tells me the dangers o're.
 Flesh'd here with this escape, boldly to th'Hall
 I venture, where I meet the Brethren all.
 First there to the grave Clergie I am led,
 By whatsoever title distinguished,
 Whether most reverend Batchellors they bee
 Of Art, or reverend Sophs, or no Degree.
 Next stand the wall-eyed Sisters all a row,
 Nay their scald-headed children they come too;
 And mingled amongst these stood gaping there,
 Those few Lay-men that not o'th' Clergy were.
 Now they discourse; some stories here relate
 Of bloodie Popish Plots against the State:
 VVhich by the Spirit, and providence, no doubt,
 The men that made have found most strangely out.
 Some blame the King, others more moderate, say,
 Hee's a good man himself, but led away:
 The women rip old wounds, and with small teares
 Recount the losse of the three Worthies Eares.
 Away you fooles, 'twas for the good o'th men;
 They nere were perfect *Round-heads* untill then.
 But against Bishops they all raile; and I
 Said boldly, I'de defend the Hierarchy:
 To th'Hierarchy they meant no harm at all,
 But root, and branch for Bishops; to't we fall;
 I like, a foole, with reason, and those men
 VVith wrested Scripture: a slie Deacon then
 Thrust in his Eares, so speakes th' Apostle too:
 How speakes hee friend? not i' th' nose like you.

Straight

Strait a She-zealot raging to me came,
 And said, o'th what d' you call it party I am;
 Bishops are limbs of Antichrist, she cries :
 Repent, repent, good woman, and be wise,
 The Devill will have you else, that I can tell,
 Believ't, and poach th'eggs o' those eyes in hell.
 An hidious storm was ready to begin,
 When by most blessed Fate the meat came in,
 But then so long, so long a Grace is fed,
 That a good Christian when he goes to bed,
 Would be contented with a shorter prayer :
 Oh how the Saints enjoy'd the creatures there !
 Three Pasties in the minute of an houre,
 Large, and well wrought, they root and branch devour,
 As glibly as they'd swallow down Church-Land ;
 In vain the lesser Pies hope to withstand.
 On Geece and Capons, with what zeale they fed ?
 And wond'ring cry, A goodly bird indeed !
 Their spirits thus warm'd, all the jests from them came,
 Upon the names of *Laud, Duck, Wren* and *Lamb*,
 Canons and Bishops Sees ; And one most wise,
 I like this innocent mirth at dinner, cries,
 Which now by one is done ; and Grace by two ;
 The Bells ring, and again to Church we go.
 Four Psalms are sung, (wise times no doubt they be,
 When *Hopkins* justles out the Liturgie)
 Psalms, which if *David* from his seat or blisse
 Doth heare, he little thinks they're meant for his.
 And now the Christian *Bajazet* begins ;
 The suffering Pulpit groans for *Israels* sins:
 Sins, which in number many though they be,
 And crying ones, are yet lesse lond then he :
 His stretch'd-out voice sedition spreads afar,
 Nor does he onely teach, but act a war :

He sweats against the State, Church, learning, sence,
And resolves to gain Hell by violence.

Down, down ev'n to the ground must all things go,
There was some hope the Pulpit would down too.

Work on, work on good zeale, but still I say,
Law forbids threshing thus o' th' Sabbath day.

An hour lasts this two handed prayer, and yet
Not a kind syllable from him can Heaven get,

Till to the Parliament he comes at last ;

Just at that blessed word his furie's past :

And here he thanks God in a loving tone,

But *Laud* ; and then he mounts: All's not yet done :

No, would it were, think I, but much I feare

That all will not be done this two houres here :

For now he comes to, *As you shall find it writ,*

Repeats his Text, and takes his leave of it ;

And straight to his Sermon, in such furious-wise,

As made it what they call't, an Exercise.

The Pulpit's his hot Bath : the Brethrens cheere,

Rost-beefe, Minc't-py, and Capon reek out here.

Oh how he whips about six yeeres ago,

When superstitious decency did grow

So much in fashion ! How he whets his fist

Against the name of Altar, and of Priest !

The very name, in his out-ragious heat,

Poore innocent *Vox ad placitum* how he beat !

Next he cuffs out Set-prayer, even the Lords,

It binds the Spirit, he saies, as 'twere with cords ;

Even with Whip-cords. Next must authority go,

Authority's a kind of binder too.

First, then he intends to breath himself upon

Church government ; have at the King anon.

The thing's done straight, in poor six minutes space

Titus and *Timothy* have lost their place ;

Nay with th' Apostles too it e'en went hard,
 All their authority two thumps more had mar'd;
Paul and *S. Peter* might be sure o' th' doome,
 Knew but this Lion Dunce they'd bin at *Rome*.

Now to the State he comes, talk an alar'm,
 And at th' malignant party flings his arme;
 Defies the King, and thinks his Pulpit full
 As safe a place for't, as the Knight does *Hull*.
 What though no Magazine laid in there be,
 Scarce all their Guns can make more noise then he.
 Plots, plots he talks of, jealousies, and feares.
 The politick Saints shake their notorious eares;
 Till time, long time (which doth consume and wast
 All things) to an end this Sermon brought at last.

What would you have good soules? a reformation?
 Oh by all means; but how? o' th newest fashion;
 A pretty slight Religion, cheap, and free,
 I know not how, but you may furnisht be
 At *Ipswich*, *Amsterdam*, or a Kingdom neere,
 Though to say truth, yon paid for't there too deare:
 No matter what it costs, wee'l reform though;
 The Prentices themselves will have it so.

They'le root out Popery whats'ever come,
It is decreed; nor shall thy fate, O Rome,
Resist their Vow: They'le do't to a haire; for they,
 Who if upon Shrove- Tuesday, or May-day,
 Beat an old Bawd, or fright poor Whores they cou'd,
 Thought themselves greater then their Founder *Lud*,
 Have now vast thoughts, and scorn to set upon
 Any Whore lesse then her of *Babylon*.

They'r mounted high, contemne the humble play
 Of Cat, or Football, on an Holiday
 In *Finesbury* Fields: No, 'tis their brave intent
 Wisely t' advise the King, and Parliament:

The work in hand they'le disapprove or back,
 And cry i'th' Reformation, What d'you lack?
 Can they whole Shopbooks write, and yet not know
 If Bishops have a Right Divine or no?
 Or can they sweep their doors, and shops so well,
 And for to cleanse a State as yet not tell?
 No; study and experience makes them wise,
 Why shold they else watch late, and early rise:
 Their wit so flowes, that when they think to take
 But Sermons notes, they oft new Sermons make:
 In Cheapside-Crosse they *Baal* and *Dagon* see,
 They know 'tis gilt all ore as well as we.
 Besides, since men did that gay Idoll reare,
 God has not blest the Herbwives trading there.
 Go on brave *Heroes*, and performe the rest,
 Increase your fame each day a yard at least,
 Till your high names are grown as glorious full
 As the four *London* Prentices at the *Bull*:
 So may your goodly Eares still prickant grow,
 And no bold haire increase to marre the show;
 So may your Morefields Pastimes never faile,
 And all the Townes about keep mighty Ale;
 Ale your own spirits to raise, and Cakes t' appease
 The hungry coineffe of your Mistresses:
 So may rare Pageants grace the Lord-Mayors show,
 And none find out that those are Idolls too.
 So may you come to sleep in Fur at last,
 And some *Smeethymnan*, when your daies are past,
 Your funerall Sermon of six houres rehearse,
 And *Heywood* sing your acts in lofty verse.
 But stay; who have we next? mark and give roome,
 The women with a long Petition come;
 Mans understanding is not halfe so great,
 Th' Apple of knowledge 'twas they first did eat.

First then Pluralities must be ta'ne away;
 Men may learn thence to keep two wives, they say;
 Next Schollership and Learning must go down;
 Oh fie! your sex so cruell to the Gown?
 You don't the kindnesse of some Schollers know;
 The Cambridge women will not have it so.
 Learning's the Lamp o' th' Land, that shines so bright,
 Are you s'immodest to put out the light?
 This is a Conventicle trick. What's next?
 Oh with the Churches solemne formes their vext,
 The sign o' th' Crosse the forehead must not beare,
 'Twas only you were born to plant signes there.
 No Font to wash native concupisceuce in,
 You like that itch still of originall sin.
 No solemne Rights of Buriall must be shown,
 Pox take you, hang your selves, and you shall ha' none.
 No Organ; Idolls to the eare they be:
 No Anthemes; why? nay ask not them, nor me:
 Ther's new Church Musique found instead of those,
 The womens sighs tun'd to the Teachers nose.
 No Surplices; no? why none, I crave?
 They're rags of *Rome*, I think: what would you have?
 Lastly they'd preach too; let them, for no doubt,
 A finer preaching age they'l nere find out:
 They've got the spirit, fiery tongues they've, that's true;
 And by their talk those should be double too.

OH times! oh manners! when the Church is made
 A prey, nay worse, a scorn, to ev'ry *Cade*
 And ev'ry *Tyler*: when the popular rage
 (The ages greatest curse) reforms the age;
 When reason is for Popery snppress'd,
 And Learning connted Jesuitism at least;
 When without books Divines must studious be,

And

And without meat keep hospitality;
 When men 'gainst ancient Fathers rev'rend daies
 That many-headed beast *Smectymnuus* raise,
 That *Hidra* which would grow still, and encrease
 But that at first it met an *Hercules*;
 When the base rout, the Kingdoms dirt, and sink;
 To cleanse the Church, and purge the fountaines think,
 They who whilst living waters they might take,
 Drink Belgian ditches, and the Lemnian lake;
 When th' Liturgy, which now so long hath stood
 Seal'd by five reverend Bishops sacred blood,
 Is left for nonsense, and but pottage thought;
 Pottage from Heav'n, like that to *Daniel* brought,
 Their broaths have such weeds mixt, and are so hot,
 The Prophets sons cry out, Death's in the pot.

*Oh times, oh manners ! but me thinks I stay
 Too long with them ; and so much for to day :
 Hereafter more, for since we now begin
 You'l find we've Muses too as well as Pryn.*

FINIS.